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lawns sloping to the sun, and generally bounded by a sparkling outline of running water, have a delightfully fresh and cheerful effect, seen as they usually are with their concomitants of well-built factories and handsome mansions; and in scenery of this description the neighbourhood of Antrim is peculiarly rich. The Six-mile-water has also its own attraction for the antiquary, being the *Ollarbha* of our ancient Irish poems and romances, and flowing within a short distance of the ancient fortress of Rathmore of Moylinny, a structure which boasts an antiquity of upwards of 1700 years.

In our view the river appears crossed by a bridge, which through the upper limbs of its lofty arches affords a pretty prospect of the river bank beyond. In building a bridge in the same place, a modern county surveyor would probably erect a less picturesque but more economical structure, for the arches here are so lofty, that the river, to occupy the whole space they afford for its passage, must rise to a height that would carry its waters into an entirely new channel.

But the principal feature in our prospect is the church, the tower and steeple of which are on so respectable a scale, and of such excellent proportions, as to render it a very pleasing object as seen from any quarter or approach of the town. It would be difficult to say in what the true proportions of a spire consist, whether in its obvious and practical utility as a pent-house roofing the tower, or in its emblematic aptitude aspiring to and pointing towards heaven. Still, every cultivated eye will remark how much more dignified and imposing is the effect of a spire which is only moderately lofty, as compared with the breadth of its base, than that of one which is extremely slender. We would point out the spire of St Patrick's Cathedral, for example, or that before us, on a smaller scale, as instances of the former sort. Any one acquainted with the proportions of those attenuated pinnacles which we so often find perched on the roofs of churches erected within the last ten years, cannot be at a loss for examples of the latter. The church itself at Antrim is, however, rather defective in point of size, as compared with its nobly proportioned tower and spire.

The suburb of the town, on this side of the bridge, runs up to the demesne wall of Lord Ferrard's residence, Antrim Castle, an antique castellated mansion, seated boldly over the river in a small park laid out in the taste of Louis XIV., from the terraced walks and stately avenues of which there are many beautiful views of the surrounding scenery.

In point of historical interest, there are but two events connected with Antrim worthy of any particular note—the defeat of the insurgents here in the rebellion of 1798, on which occasion the late Earl O'Neill lost his life; and a great battle between the English and native Irish, in the reign of Edward III., hitherto little spoken of in history, but forming one in a series of events which exercised a great influence over the destinies of this country.

Very soon after the first invasion of Ulster by John de Courcy, the English power was established not only throughout the counties of Down and Antrim, but even over a large portion of the present county of Londonderry, then called the county of Coleraine. We find sheriffs regularly appointed for these counties, and the laws duly administered, down to the time of Edward III. The native Irish, who had been pushed out by the advance of this early tide of civilization, took up their abode west of the Bann, and in the hilly county of Tyrone, from whence they watched the proceedings of their invaders, and, as opportunities from time to time presented themselves, crossed the intervening river and "preyed" the English country. The district around Antrim was from its situation the one chiefly exposed to these incursions, and the duty of defending it mainly devolved on the powerful sept of the Savages, who at that time had extensive possessions in the midland districts of Antrim, as well as in Down.

The most formidable of these incursions was that which took place immediately after the murder of William de Burgho, Earl of Ulster, who was assassinated by some malcontent English at the fords of Belfast, A. D. 1333. The earl had been a strenuous assertor of the English law, and had rendered himself obnoxious to the turbulent nobles of the country by the severity with which he prohibited their adoption of Irish customs, which, strange to say, had always great charms for the feudal lords of the English pale, arising probably from the greater facilities which the Brehon law afforded for exacting exorbitant rents and services from their tenants. The immediate object of the assassins of the earl was to prevent him carrying the full rigour of the law into operation

against one of his own *hibernicised* kinsmen; but the ultimate consequences of their act were felt throughout all Ireland for two centuries after. For the Irish, taking advantage of the consternation attendant on the death of the chief officer of the crown in that province, crossed the Bann in unexampled numbers, and after a protracted struggle, in which they were joined by some of the degenerate English, succeeded at length in recovering the whole of the territory conquered by De Courcy, with the exception only of Carrickfergus in Antrim, and a portion of the county of Down, which the Savages with difficulty succeeded in holding after being expelled from their former possessions at the point of the sword. It was during this struggle that the battle to which we have alluded was fought at Antrim. The story is told at considerable length and with much quaintness by Hollinshed; but want of space obliges us to present it to our readers in the more concise though still very characteristic language of Cox:—

"About this time lived Sir Robert Savage, a very considerable gentleman in Ulster, who began to fortify his house with strong walls and bulwarks; but his son derided his father's prudence and caution, affirming that 'a castle of bones was better than a castle of stones,' and thereupon the old gentleman put a stop to his building. It happened that this brave man with his neighbours and followers were to set out against a numerous rabble of Irish that had made incursions into their territories, and he gave orders to provide plenty of good cheer against his return; but one of the company reproved him for doing so, alleging that he could not tell but the enemy might eat what he should provide; to which the valiant old gentleman replied, that he hoped better from their courage, but that if it should happen that his very enemies should come to his house, 'he should be ashamed if they should find it void of good cheer.' The event was suitable to the bravery of the undertaking: old Savage had the killing of three thousand of the Irish near Antrim, and returned home joyfully to supper."

Sir Henry Savage's "castles of bones" were found insufficient in the end to resist the multitudes of the Irish; and the English colonists, as we have mentioned, notwithstanding their victory at Antrim, were finally obliged to cede the valley of the Six-mile-water to the victorious arms of the Clan-Hugh-Buide, whose representative, the present Earl O'Neill, still holds large possessions in the territory thus recovered by his ancestors.

With respect to the origin of the place, there is little to be said beyond the fact, that, like that of most of our provincial towns, it was ecclesiastical. The only remnant of the ancient foundation is the round tower, which still stands in excellent preservation about half a mile north of the town. The name is properly "*Aen-druim*" signifying "the single hill," or "*one mount*."

A CHAPTER ON CURS.

WITHOUT doubt I am a benevolent character: the grudge gratuitous to my nature is unknown: I never take offence where no offence is given. Hence, on most animals I look with complacency—for most animals never intermeddle with my comfort—and on only a few with antipathy, for only a few so behave as to excite it. High up on the list of the latter—I was going to say at the very top, but that pestering, pertinacious fly impudently alighting, through pure mischief alone, on the tickle-tortured tip of—but he's gone—no, he's back—there now I have him under my hat at last—tut! he's out again under the rim—up with the window and away with him! At the head, then, ay, at the very head—how my grievances come crowding on my brain!—I unhesitatingly place that thrice-confounded breed of curs, colleys, mongrels, or whatever else they may be called, with which the rural regions of this therein much-afflicted country are infested. The milk of my humanity—yea, I may say the cream, for such it was with me—has in respect to them been changed to very gall—an unmitigable hostility has possessed me, which—did not the scars of the wofully-remembered salting, scrubbing, scarifying, and frying (to say nothing of two months' maintenance of an hospital establishment of poultices and plasters), to which my better leg was twice submitted, counsel me to mingle discretion with my ire—would absolutely make me turn Don Quixote for their extirpation.

Let flighty philosophers frolic as they list with the flimsy

phantasies no optics save their own can spy—let political economists prate about public problems, till other people's pates are nearly as addled as their own—let flaming patriots propound and placid placemen promise this, that, and t'other, as grievous burdens or great concessions; but let men of sense give heed to things of substance—let them exclaim with me, "Out upon all abstract gammon—out upon all squabbling about what we can only hear, but neither see nor feel, taste nor smell—bodily boons—real redress—and first and foremost, 'to the lamp-post' with the curs!" I have suffered more at their teeth, both in blood and broad-cloth, than all the benefactions I have ever received at the hands of any government would balance. The inviolable independence of British subjects, forsooth! the parental guardianship of the constitution, the security for life and person—faugh!—away with the big inanities, so long as a peaceful pedestrian cannot take an airing along a highway, much less adventure on a devious ramble, without exposing person and personalities to the cruel mercies of a tribe of half-starved tykes issuing from every cabin, scrambling over every half-door, and almost throttling themselves in their emulous ambition to be the first to tatter the ill-starred wight who has stumbled on their haunts. Let no one urge in their behalf that they are faithful to the misguided men who own them: so much the worse, since in their small system, fidelity to one must needs manifest itself in malice, hatred, and uncharitableness to every creature else, dead or alive. No, there is no redeeming trait—they are curs, essentially biting, barking, cantankrous, crabbed, sneaking, snarling, treacherous, bullying, cowardly curs, and nothing else. This, under all circumstances, I undertake to maintain against all gainsayers, though at the same time I am free to confess that I write under considerable excitement, having just returned from the country (whither—besotted mortal not to be content with the flag way of a street, and the scenery of brick and mortar—I had repaired, forsooth, for air, exercise, and rural sketching) with a couple of new coats, to say nothing of trousers, curtailed beyond recovery, a bandaged shin smarting beyond description, and a host of horrid hydrophobic forebodings consequent thereon. It chanced that in an evil hour I made an engagement with an ailing friend, whose house was situate in what I may emphatically term a most canine locality, which constrained me to make several calls upon him. Unhappily it was only approachable by one road, the sides of which were here and there dotted with a clutch of cabins, in each of which was maintained a standing force of the aforesaid pests. This ambushed defile, about three miles in length, dire necessity compelled me to traverse thrice, and never did general more considerably undertake a march through a hostile country, or an enemy more vigilantly guard a pass therein, than did I and they respectively. On each and all of these occasions have I debated with myself whether I should not fetch a secure though sinuous compass through the fields, even with the addition of a few miles and other discomforts to my walk; but as often—with honest, though, as I look upon my leg, with melancholy pride I write it—did my pluck preserve me from so disgraceful a detour. What! my indignant manhood would exclaim, shall I, one of the lords of the creation—shall I, who have dared and have accomplished so and so—recalling some of my most notable exploits by flood and field, in crossing the Channel and cantering in the Park—shall I, one of her majesty's liege subjects, a grand jury cess-payer and a freeholder to boot, be driven from the highway which I pay to support, and obliged to skulk like a criminal from view, scramble over walls and splutter through swamps, daub my boots, rend mayhap my tights, and risk other contingencies, and all by reason of such vile scrubs? No, perish the thought!—though their name be Legion, and their nature impish, I will face them, ay, and write the fear of me upon their hides too, if they dare molest me—that I will. Thus spoke the man within me, as I fiercely gripped my cane; and if, as I cooled, an occasional shrinking of the calves of my legs in fancied supposition of a tooth inserted therein, betokened aught like quailing, I recalled Marlborough's saying on the eve of battle, "How this little body trembles at what this great soul is about to perform!" and felt that I too was exemplifying that loftiest courage in which the infirmity of the flesh succumbs to the vigour of the spirit.

Decided by some such discipline to run the gauntlet, and in a state of temper alternating between war and peace, inclining, as I remarked, strange contradiction! to the former when the latter was in prospect, and to the latter when the former, I proceeded in guarded vigilance. "Hope deferred maketh the

heart sick," no doubt, but in my case evil deferred doth oftentimes as much. The substantial presence of danger for me, before its fearful imminence—the real onset of a canine crew, before the terrible suspense of passing the open den in which haply they lay wait, the shrill gamut of attack splitting your ear worse in apprehension than in action. But attention! yonder is the first position. Egad! I'm in luck to-day; the coast seems clear, and—the pacific now prevails again—poor devils, I won't make any ruction.

"Ever follow peace
If you'd live at ease,"

saith the tuneful proverb, and I'll pass inoffensively if I can. Ay, i'faith, I may well say *if I can*, for if my eyes are worth a turnip, yonder is an outpost stretched before that sty. No, I'm wrong, it is a young pig—worthy little fellow, would I had the craft of Circe to change every cur in the land into your similitude! A grunt before a snarl, a snore before a snap any day. But what am I gabbling about?—there is evil at hand indeed, for yonder is a lurching devil squatted behind that stone, and no mistake. But softly: he seems asleep, and I may perchance steal past unnoticed—about as probable, my present experience assures me, as that you could ring my well-bred friend Piggie without an acknowledgment—he is sole sentry, and if I can but bilk him, I'll do. Vain hope—he is waking, he is giving a preparatory stretch to his limbs and to his jaws, and, miserable sinner that I am! I'm in for it. But there is yet a single chance—I'll try the magic of the human eye: there is wonder-working majesty, they say, in it. Did I not myself see Van Amburgh's brutes blench before it?—am not I too a man?—ay, and I'll let them see it. Whereupon, with the most astounding corrugation of my brows I could accomplish, I fixed my grim regards upon the cur, expecting to see him sneak in awe away as I drew nigh. But, alas! for the majesty of man, in a pinch like this let me tell him it is but a sorry safeguard—the veriest whelp in the land will bandy surly looks, and haply something worse, in its despite: a cudgel or a "hardy," I now say, on such an emergency, before the most confounding countenance that ever frowned beneath a diadem. The foe, then, recking but little my display of the tremendous, gave a fierce alarm, while in the vehemence of his wrath he described three circles, his hind legs being the centre, which brought the whole posse of aids and abettors fast and furious into view. And now commenced the fray in earnest: beleaguered on every side, my blood, not to speak boastfully, rose with the great occasion: my tongue gave vigorous utterance to my fury, and my cane swept gallantly from right to left and from left to right, though from the wariness with which, 'mid all their fuss and clamour, the war was waged by my assailants, it was but seldom that a shrill yelp piercing through the din announced its collision with flesh and blood. Never was man more thoroughly put to it. As I made a dash forward upon one, my unprotected rear was promptly invested by another: my only security lay in the rapidity of my evolutions, and considering I am a man five feet five in height and fifteen stone in weight, I fairly take credit to myself for performances in this line, which poor Joe Grimaldi himself were he alive could not eclipse. But a man's sinews are not of steel, nor are his lungs as tough as a pair of bellows, and under my extraordinary exertions I speedily began to think of vacating a field whereon nothing but a barren display of prowess without satisfaction was to be reaped. Accordingly, all my craft in strategy was put in practice, and by a most dexterous combination of manoeuvres—now advancing, now receding, now stooping as if to seize a stone (incomparable among expedients in canine encounters), for the road here of course was as bare of them as a barn-floor, and now feigning to fling it—I at length contrived to draw the battle from their own ground, and their pugnacity being inversely as their distance from home, had the relief, for by this time I was blowing like a grampus, of seeing them retire in detachments, giving volleys in token of triumph and defiance so long as I remained in view. This brisk affair concluded with the loss only of a mouthful or two of my coat-tails, and the gain of a few trifling transparencies in the legs of my trousers—thank my boots, I have not to add in those of my person—I proceeded to the scene of my next "passage at arms," about half a mile off. So ruffled was I that at first, after a few score pegs and puffs restorative, I hustled bravely on, desiring nothing so much as an opportunity of wreaking my wrath on some of the odious race, to which purpose I providently deposited a few pretty pebbles in my pocket.

But I am pre-eminently a reasoning man, in whom the reign of passion is but brief, and discretion had so far recovered its rightful ascendancy as I drew nigh the next "picket," that I began to think it more prudent, more benevolent I mean, to bottle up, or repress I should say, my indignation, and try what the "gentle charities," a benign demeanour and a pleasant salutation, might avail in the way of securing a peaceful transit. With this aim I threw a prodigious amount of amiability (if somewhat more than I felt, Heaven forgive the hypocrisy) into my countenance, and accompanied a few familiar fillips of my finger with a most honied, and, as I thought, captivating phraseology of address, to a sinister-faced wretch who lay recumbent on the nearest threshold. But it would not do: up bounced the vile ingrate with obstreperous bay; his myrmidons were forthcoming on the instant, and in a jiffy I, a grave, reserved, and middle-aged man, a short, stout, and not very well-winded man, was in the *mélée* once more, yanking my heels out fore and aft, whacking right and left, puffing, blowing, and altogether cutting such uncouth capers as verily it shames me now to think upon. Whether or not it was that my resentment, and proportionably thereto my prowess, were aggravated by the flagrant ingratitude displayed, I distributed my "dissuaders" on this occasion with such distinguished emphasis as well as science, as speedily to create a considerable diversion in my favour, and make more than one repentant sinner yelp out "devil take the hindmost," in such vigorous style as to bring a bevy of grandam fogies in wrath from their chimney corners. "An' what are yees abusin' the poor craythurs for, that wouldn't harm nobody in the world at all at all, barrin' a pig or so? It's a wonder yees been't ashamed to treat the poor dumb (!) brutes that way, that niver did an ill hand's turn to us nor one belonging to us, an' it's longer we're acquaint with them than you. Come here, Trig—come here, Daisy—in there, Snap—down there, Peerie," and so forth. Recrimination on such opponents was out of the question; and this brush over in rather creditable style, I made all speed from the united clamour of the offended crones and their injured innocents.

The next sore point I happily passed in the company of an iron-nerved, long-thonged carman, whom I providently engaged in conversation at the crisis. This fellow minded them no more than if they had been so many sods of turf, nor in truth did they, having probably tasted erewhile the crusty quality of such a customer, pay much regard to him, although not a few ill-favoured glances were cast askew at my poor self, as under his lee I stoutly stumped along; and some ill-suppressed growls and spiteful grins gave me to understand that I owed my safety solely to my company. A jolly beggarman—*alack-a-day!* that I should ever stand in need of such a convoy—to whose nimble fictions I gave ear for the nonce with singular philanthropy, was my next protector, and a sixpence paid for the safe conduct, at which rate I am pretty confident, had he seen how matters lay, he would have offered to trudge it at my elbow far enough, for the sturdy rogue cared not a snuff for them had they been twice as numerous; and in a few seconds after, I saw him with a flourish of his duster enter a hut in the midst of them all.

But it is needless to dive any farther into the budget of adventures which then and there befell me, except to mention, as a sort of set-off, a notable retaliation that I right happily achieved on one of my tormentors. After a scuffle, contested on both sides with considerable toughness, I was retiring from a sort of drawn battle, when I espied a short-legged, long-backed, crook-kneed, lumpish-looking rascal scuttling along through a field at a prodigious pace. He had heard the well-known gathering-note when at a distance with some turf-cutters in a bog, and, eager for sport, namely, a pluck at my inexpressibles, lost no time in making for the scene. The affair was, however, over before he arrived upon the ground; but determined that his "trevally" should not be for nought, he gave me immediate chase up the road, reserving his fire as if intent on close combat alone, and altogether showing such an earnest business-like way with him, as made me set him down as a singularly crabbed customer. On he came at a rate that soon left me nothing for it, was I ever so much disinclined, but to face about and stand at bay. Hereupon, however—so conversant with currish character was I now become—a much increased ostentation of action upon his part, accompanied with a much diminished rate of progression, and a most superfluous discharge of barks, let me into a gratifying little secret. "Ha, my gentleman," thought I, "is this the way the land lies? You're not just so stout a hero as you

would fain be thought; and as, i'faith, I have no notion of being made sport of by such small ware as you, I'll just try if I cannot give you a lesson worth the learning." With that I again showed him my heels, which relieved him of his rather awkward suspense, and, turning round a corner, dexterously managed in a few moments to have my lad ensconced in a pretty angle, with a deep pool behind him, and a high stone wall on either side. Even in the height of my triumph and wrath, I could not help noticing the extraordinary mutations the outwitted ettercap underwent at this astounding juncture. The last yelp perished incomplete: a dismal wonder-what-aills-him bewilderment, horror, cowardice, despair, supplied a sort of prelibation of "the condign" my injured honour and outraged rights craved in expiation. Before him I flourished my cane in a fashion that made the very thought of contact therewith terrible—behind him lay the expectant plunge-bath of which he, in common with all his tribe, entertained a most hydrophobic horror. Thrice he seemed to contemplate an eruption, and thrice my waving weapon turned him to the watery gulf behind, and in mortal misery he appeared to balance their respective terrors. A cogent persuasive delivered rearward in handsome style, created a partial preponderance in favour of the latter. One paw was passed over the fearful brim; a timely reiteration sent the other after; the avenging rod was upraised to give the grand finale, when his outstretched tail suggested a device, which I rapturously seized on to prevent that gradual fulfilment of inevitable fate which the cowardly caitiff seemed to meditate. In the fervour of my career I even laid hands on this appendage of my once so dreaded foe, and swinging him aloft, to give him a proper elevation, as well as a momentary view of the murky abyss to which a few aerial evolutions were to bring him, dismissed him by a most righteous retribution to his fate. A gurgling yelp announced the crisis of the plump, and a few moments after, snorting and kicking, wriggling and splashing, in a perfect frenzy of amaze, the culprit emerged, and made way like mad for the bank. Tempering justice with mercy, with a noble magnanimity I allowed him to scramble up to the road, which he did with most astonishing alacrity, and, without even a shake to his bedraggled coat, or more than a glance of horror at myself, hurried homeward at a rate with which even his pursuit could not compare: he never troubled me again. With this beautiful illustration of retributive justice—oh, that I could but make it universal!—I will wind up the relation of my misfortunes and feats on this plaguy but memorable day, which I have selected—may my vanity be pardoned—as exhibiting myself, though I say it who should not say it, in rather a distinguished point of view, as being devoid of certain humiliating circumstances with which on most other occasions my lot was accompanied, and as being at the same time sufficient, without wanton trifling with my own feelings and those of others, to make the resentment of all who are susceptible of sympathy with their kind burn fierce against these pestiferous persecutors of our race. I have said enough to show, that if we care to maintain that native supremacy which these contumacious rebels make but light of questioning, if we wish to rescue our order from the disgrace and contumely from such vile sources cast upon it, the time for action, systematic, conjoint, national action, has now arrived. "Union," say the sages of the rostrum with admirable discernment, "Union is strength." Let us act on the profound discovery; let combination be the order of the day; let the cry of "Down with the cynocracy!" ring restless through the land; let pistol pellets and pounded glass be in every one's possession; let the legislature be simultaneously bombarded; let the squire whose game is incontinently gobbled up in embryo, the wayfarer whose person and all that hangs thereon is supinely compromised, the philanthropist who would augment human happiness, the humanist who would diminish dumb-brute suffering, the vindicator of the pig, the cat, the donkey, and all the tribe of cur-bebitten animals, ay, even the friends (if such besotted beetleheads there be) of the detested breed themselves, who hold it better "not to be" than "to be" in semi-starvation, in mangy malevolence, in spiteful pugnacity, in the perpetual distribution of snarls, bites, and barks, and receipt of cuffs, kicks, and cudgels—let all and every of these great and various parties agitate, agitate, agitate, petition, petition, petition, that such comprehensive measures as the enormity of the case demands be forthwith adopted for the correction, abatement, or abolition of this national scourge, by taxation, suspension, submersion, decapitation, or deportation, as to the "collective wisdom" may most advisable appear.

A MAN.